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W H I P
FOR THE
W E E S E L:
OR A
S C O U R G E
FOR A
Satyrical Fopp.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *J. Norris*, and Sold by most
Book-sellers, 1690.

A

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WHIP

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THe prolifick Press has, not for some Months past, been more warmly plied, than since the reverend Dr. Sb. his Reasons have become publick; and as it fortunes, with the best of Men's Actions and Writings, the Design of that worthy Person is misapprehended by many, and stigmatized by those, that nothing can please. The numerous Pamphlets that have already replied upon the Doctor's Reasons, manifest the Learning of some, and the Itch others have upon them to be cavilling, though they know not at what. Amongst the whole Hêrd of those Papers, that pretend either Observation, or Refutation of what the Doctor has printed, certainly nothing can be more scutrilous, nothing more undecent or unman-

ly, than that Piece of observable Poetry, entitled *The Weefels: Or, A Satyrical Fable: To deride any Man, and make him the Object of our Scorn*, has always by good Men been look'd upon, to intrench upon that excellent Rule, of doing that to others, that we would not have done to us: But to enervate the Reputation of a Divine, and one of no small Figure in the Church; a Person, who for his Worth, good Men esteem, and the worst cannot justly accuse, is as admirable as it is blameable. But you take too much upon you, you Sons of Levi, is as old Korah's Rebellion; some envy at the Prosperity of others, merely for the Reason that their own Vices will not suffer them to be in the List of the Fortunate; and declaim against others for being prosperous, because neither their Parts nor Manners can entail any thing more upon them, than the Contempt they deservedly draw upon themselves. And had the Author well considered his Engagements to some Members of that Church he seems to vindicate in the *Post-script*, assuredly he would have treated so worthy a Member of it with more Duty and Respect: But a time may come, when Shimei may repent his railing, and crave Pardon for his throwing of Dust: The Gates of Mercy are always open; and I wish the *Fabulist* may have so much Grace as to reflect upon what he has done, and I am sure he must be obdurate (if not reprobated, if he will give himself leisure to be serious) if he does not repent. It does appear to many considerate Men
prodigious

prodigious to see that the generality are never satisfied, that we having not long since groaned under Fears of Popery and Arbitrary Power, sending our united Supplications to Heaven for Aversion of those heavy Judgments; and Providence giving Ear, and hearing our Requests, by sending of us so unlook'd for, as well as undeserfeyd Relief, that we should so soon forget those Benefits, and despise those Mercies, which we so earnestly sued for: And altho' the Author blames the Doctor for preaching up Passive Obedience, let him not blame me for my Supposition (if Times had held) half Six hundred a year Preferment would have made him an absolute Stranger, to that both useful and excellent Doctrine; but the *Weeselmanian*, like the Fox in the Fable, says, Grapes are sowie, because they are out of his reach. But though it might look, as if the Author did want money for some necessary Occasion, or to rub off some Chalks; and some wide-conscienc'd *Book-seller* might propose to him somewhat for his Relief, if he would fabulize in Verse, and make himself a Fool in Print, as he has done often, if I mistake not; it had surely been enough, if not too much, to have thus daubed the Doctor's fine Picture, with his foul and be-limeated Fingers; but as if he had served seven years to a Plaisterer, and taken up the Occupation, he throws his Dirt and Mortar every way; he tacitly daubs the Face of his Mother, and yet has the Impudence to still to inroll himself as her Son. Thus *Cham* proclaims that Nakedness, which it had been vertuous in him

to have concealed. But how envious, how weak and ungenerous is it for a Person that would be celebrated for a Wit, to abuse a Gentlewoman that I am almost confident he never saw; not only the Laws of Humanity, but the Custom of Nations, and especially of our own, gives such a Character to that Sex, that ought not to be infringed by every necessitous Scribler (but God be blessed) the Lady does as little stand in need of my Apology, as he does deserve Correction, that has contrary to the Laws of good Manners endeavoured to expose a worthy Person. And I wish with all my Heart, it may be the *Fabulist's* good Fortune, not to be so well known to me of the Gentlewoman's Acquaintance, as I presume he is to my self; I am sure less Provocations have had very evil Effects. I speak not this, because I would have any one harbor Revenge; but sure I am, if the Author has traversed much History, he will find Examples enough that may abate the value he has for himself: And surely if he had been so big with Conceit that he could not contain, it had been a more generous way to have discoursed the Doctor and his Lady, and not to have taken things upon hear-say, or have believed Common Fame, which has always been reputed a Lyar: But nothing sticks with some Men; either their Necessities, or the Aversion they have to Goodness, makes any thing pleasant to them, that has but one pin of Profit in it. But why Mr. *Weesellarian* so tart upon the Commode, and the other Garments? Nay, the very Play.

Play-things shall not escape this notable Enquirer. Surely, Sir, you would have made a better *Anatomist* than *Fabulist*; and I am fearful, if you follow these Courses in abusing vertuous Persons, your self may come to *Chyrurgeons-Hall*; for I am told you are a strait-limb'd Person: Nay, the Cloaths and Gar-niture are not only offensive, but the very Victuals are an Eye-sore to the Author; it grieves him that any one can afford to eat better than himself; he could wish at present, that all were level with his own For-tunes; and I am almost confident, the next Call his *Taylor* makes upon him, he will perfect the Abuse he has began to put upon his Grace the Arch-Bishop, if he can find any *Book-seller* so vile, as to give him any Counters; to use his own Expression, for his counter-feit Stuff. It is not my Design any farther to expose this nameless Author, who has, as he says, a Veneration for the Church of *England*, and Monarchial Government: But his Zeal is notable; he cannot see an idle Wag in that Community, but he must jerk him, he cannot lose his old Trade; and though at present he is the *Mercenarian* of the Town, yet his old Dominion, the Thoughts of it are pleasant to him; tho, as I have been told (how true it is I know not) he departed the House of Discipline, because the Master would not give our Poet Licence to jerk as he would himself; thus any one may see any Tool serves (if it be but a Beetle, to deface any thing that is beautiful or rare. I do not intend to spend my time so unprofitably, to make

make any farther Descants upon this learned Author; but what I have done, is purely for this Reason. I could not let such foul Reflexions, that are cast upon a most worthy Gentlewoman pass without some Remarks upon the Author, that the World may see that the greatest Vertue cannot escape the Censure of needy Persons; for the Lady he abuses, I profess, I know her not, but by her Character; which is so great, that as my weak Pen dare not undertake to delineate, so my confidence is, it is so universally known, it needs no Lustre from a better Hand. All that I farther add, is my hearty wishes that the Author had better Employment or some preferment bestowed on him, which he so often envies to the Doctor, and then we should not soon have him in Print again; for I had rather read him over a Bottle of Port, than to find him spending his time in Calumniation, which is Satan's proper Work.

FINIS.